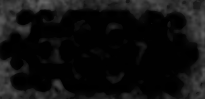
A BANQVET OF DAINTIE CONCEITS.

Furnished with verie delicate and choyse inventions, to delighe their mindes, who take pleasure in Musique, and there-withall to sing sweete Ditties, either to the Lute, Bandora, Virginalles, or anie other Instrument.

Published at the desire of both Honorable and Worshipfull personages, who have had knowledge of divers of the Ditties heerein contained.



Written by *A. M.* Seruaunt to the Queenes most excellent Maiestie.

HONOS ALIT ARTES.

AT LONDON
Printed by *I. C.* for *Edwarde White*, and are to be sold at the signe of the Gunne, at the little North doore of Paules.
Anno. 1588.

Huth 38

Munday (Anthony)

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A BANQVET
OF DAINTIE CON-
CEITS.

To the worſhipfull and his eſpeciall

good freend, Maiſter Richard Topeliffe, *Eſquire.* A. M. commendeth this ſmall matter of his vnfeigned good will and affection.

IN reſpecte of the *manifolde good turnes, and fauourable deedes of freendſhip, that not onely I, but others, to whom I am ſomewhat beholding, haue receiued at your worſhippes handes, albeit my diſhabilitie will not permit me to make aunſwerable requitall, yet ſuch is the eſtimation I make of my duetie, that fayling in that I would, I will remaine ready in any thing I may: not that your worſhippe hath any neede of mee or mine, but for I would bee lothe that ingratitude ſhould ſo much inſult vppon me, as neither deedes nor duelies ſhoulde remaine to him, who hath ſo well deſerued. I will therefore containe the mind that poore* Irus *did, who comming into the Temple of the Goddeſſe* Pallas, *and ſeeing her to holde a Booke in the one hand, & a Launce in the other, made as great account of her ſecrete vertues, as her outward valliauncie:*

and therefore ſayd, Deſpitefull Pouertie, thou ſhale not keepe me from honouring *Pallas*, though thou with-holdeſt me from giuing her Preſents. *Euen ſo worshipfull Syr, though the world ſo frowne vpon me, that I cannot as I woulde: yet that poore Talent which God hath lent me (if it were ſuffycient for ſo many courteſies) ſhall at all times expreſſe, that I am loth to be vnthankfull. I therefore deſire your worshippe to accept of this ſlender gift, which meaſured in your wonted freendlie iudgment, I doubt not but ſhall ſpeede according to my expectation, and the rather, for that there is nothing heerein contayned, that may either offend the vertuous, or giue any encouragement to the vicious: for if there were any ſuch matters, they ſhoulde neuer come in your worshippes view.*

Not doubting therefore, but to find your worshyppe as I alwayes haue doone, I committe you to the continuall protection of the Almightie, who defende you from all your enemies, and bleſſe you in remembring the labours of them that haue well deſerued.

Your worſhips poore
Freende to commaund,
Anthony Monday.

lie Reader.

Before thou readst this small trauaile of mine, (gentle Reader) I am a little to admonish thee, least otherwyse thou maist happen to fal out of loue with my Booke, and to thinke it not woorthy the reading. Fyrst, thou art to consider, that the Ditties heerein contained, are made to seuerall set Notes, wherein no measure of verse can be obserued, because the Notes will affoorde no such libertie: for looke how they rise and fall, in iust time and order of Musique, euen so haue I kept course therewith in making the Ditties, which will seeme very bad stuffe in reading, but (I perswade me) wyll delight thee, when thou singest any of them to thine Instrument. Secondlie, though thou finde them not sette downe in excellent verse, as perhaps many are curious in sifting such matters, yet I am sure thou shalt finde in them sence sufficient, and matter woorth the reading: though not fantasticall, and full of loue quirkes & quiddities, yet stored with good admonitions and freendly documents, so canst thou not say, that there is neither rime nor reason in them, but if thou marke them wel, thou shalt finde both.

and therefore ſayd, Deſpitefull Pouertie, thou ſhalt not keepe me from honouring *Pallas*, though thou with-holdeſt me from giuing her Preſents. *Euen ſo worshipfull Syr, though the world ſo frowne vpon me, that I cannot as I woulde: yet that poore Talent which God hath lent me (if it were ſuffycient for ſo many courteſies) ſhall at all times expreſſe, that I am loth to be vnthankfull. I therefore deſire your worshyppe to accept of thys ſlender gift, which meaſured in your wonted freendlie iudgment, I doubt not but ſhall ſpeede according to my expectation, and the rather, for that there is nothing heerein contayned, that may eyther offend the vertuous, or giue any encouragement to the vicious: for if there were any ſuch matters, they ſhoulde neuer come in your worshippes view.*

Not doubting therefore, but to find your worshyppe as I alwayes haue doone, I committe you to the continuall protection of the Almightie, who defende you from all your enemies, and bleſſe you in remembring the labours of them that haue well deſerued.

Your worſhips poore
Freende to commaund.
Anthony Monday.

To the Gentle and freendlie Reader.

Before thou readeſt this ſmall trauaile of mine, (gentle Reader) I am a little to admoniſh thee, leaſt otherwiſe thou maiſt happen to fal out of loue with my Booke, and ſo thinke it not woorthy the reading. Fyrſt, thou art to conſider, that the Ditties heerein contained, are made to ſeuerall ſet Notes, wherein no meaſure of verſe can be obſerued, becauſe the Notes will affoorde no ſuch libertie: for looke how they riſe and fall, in iuſt time and order of Muſique, euen ſo haue I kept courſe therewith in making the Ditties, which will ſeeme very bad ſtuffe in reading, but (I perſwade me) wyll delight thee, when thou ſingeſt any of them to thine Inſtrument. Secondlie, though thou finde them not ſette downe in excellent verſe, as perhaps many are curious in ſifting ſuch matters, yet I am ſure thou ſhalt finde in them ſence ſufficient, and matter woorth the reading: though not fantaſticall, and full of loue quirkes & quiddities, yet ſtored with good admonitions and freendly documents, ſo canſt thou not ſay, that there is neither rime nor reaſon in them, but if thou marke them wel, thou ſhalt finde both.

Laſtly, if any Dittie ſhall chaunce to lympe a little in the Note (as I doo not know that any one of them dooth, becauſe they haue beene tryed by them of iudgment, and thoſe that haue not a little eſteemed of them) yet I pray thee condemne mee not, in that I haue no iote of knowledge in Muſique, but what I haue doone and doo, is onely by the eare: for had I skill in Muſique, they ſhould haue beene farre better then they be. But I thanke God of that which I haue, it is not for euery man to goe to *Corinth*, therefore I content my ſelfe with that poore Talent which I haue, & which is thine to commaund, ſo thou entertaine my labours with courteſie. Fare-well.

Thine to vſe in freendſhip,

A. Munday.

A Breuiate of the Notes of the Ditties contained in this Booke.

The first Dittie may be sung after the note of Les guanto di Hispania.
The 2. to Primero.
The 3. to Iohnsons Medley.
The 4. to the Earle of Oxenfords March.
The 5. to Monsieures Allemaigne.
The 6. to the flatte Pauin.
The 7. to Prima visto.
The 8. to the newe Scottish Allemaigne.
The 9. to the high Allemaigne Measure.
The 10. to the Spanish Pauin.
The 11. to the Venetian Allemaigne.
The 12. to the note of Deeme all my deedes.
The 13. to the Quadrant Pauin.
The 14. to the Olde Allemaigne.
The 15. to the newe Hunt is vp.
The 16. to the Earle of Oxenfords Galliard.
The 17. to Dowlands Galliard.
The 18. to the Counteſſe of Ormonds Galliard.
The 19. to Wigmores Galliard.
The 20. to La vechia Pauin.
The 21. to Mondaies Galliard.
The 22. to Monday his Toy.

A Brevviate of the Notes of the

Diuiſes contained in this Booke.

The firſt Meaſure is for the Treble of
Ioy.

The 1. to Primero.
The 2. to Seconde Meaſure.
The 3. to Tierce Meaſure.
The 4. to Quarte Meaſure.
The 5. to Quinte Meaſure.
The 6. to Sixte Meaſure.
The 7. to Prima vltra.
The 8. to the ſeconde Meaſure.
The 9. to the high Almaigne Meaſure.
The 10. to the Spanish Pauin.
The 11. to the Venetian Almaigne.
The 12. to the note of Deere all my deedes.
The 13. to the Quadrant Pauin.
The 14. to the Olde Almaigne.
The 15. to the note I ſaue you.
The 16. to the Quarte of Orenge Gallard.
The 17. to Doyleads Gallard.
The 18. to the Counceſſe of Ormonds Gallard.
The 19. to Wigmores Gallard.
The 20. to La vedin Pauin.
The 21. to Monſieurs Gallard.
The 22. to Monſieur his Toy.

A Dyttie expreſsing a familiar controuerſie betweene *Wit and Will*: wherein *Wit* mildlie rebuketh the follies of *Will*, and ſheweth him (as in a Glaſſe) the fall of wilfull heads.

This Dittie may be ſung after the note of a Courtlie Daunce, called Les guanto.

When I behold the reckles race of youth:
How Wit and Will do vainly ſeeme for to ſtrive
about the tried trueth. (tenor,
And then againe when I haue pondred well:
How fraile nature ſubuerteth Wils deuiſes
and reaſon haine would quell. (till
God Lord (thinke I) great neede haue Will beware
Leaſt ſuddaine woe his dangers do prepare.
Wit doth foreſee what after ſhall betide:
But Will bewitcht with too too much of follies charmes,
Wits counſell doth deride.
Wit ſaith haine heads are alwaies apt to fall:
But Wil that ſeekes to build his dwelling in the ayre,
regardeth not at all.
He will not heare, the golden meane is beſt:
And content minds enioy the ſweeteſt reſt.
Will be warie and that in time,
Leaſt had I will happen to late:

Idlenes walking thy youthfull prime,
brings beggerlie age to the gate.
Seeke then for profit while leysure is lent thee:
The times staies no man, and slacknes wil shent thee.
Looke into pleasure, and thou shalt beholde,
the end of her pastimes are nothing but paine:
Looke into profit there maist thou be bolde,
to finde out such sweetnes as will be thy gaine.
It is not bravery that can availe,
if needines tie vppe the strings of thy purse:
For if thy state seeme once to quaile,
thy credite will after be alwaies the worse.
Beauty is vading and will not endure,
faire Absolons warning may well suffise:
Set not thy fancie on things so vnsure,
for beautie full often hath blamed the wise.
Beautie with charges must be maintaind,
and charges eates deepe where riches is scant:
Then count the costes that thou hast gainde,
and all thy sickines will be but of want.
Therefore if thou wilt be warned by me,
according to cloth, so cut out thy coate:
And as thy getting let spending so be,
and suffer fond yonkers to line all a-flote.
Equall thy selfe with none of these,
althought they scorne to see thee chaunged:
Thou shalt sit smiling at their woes,
when thou perceiuest how they haue raunged.
Shake of their friendship, and knoin them no more
it is no shame to turne to do well:
The flatterer eateth a man very sore,
yea, to the bare bones as some can well tell.
A freends rebuke farre better is,
then the sweete kisse of an enemie.

The

The one would gladly worke thy blisse,
the other thy death, farre contrarie,
A prouerbe there is both auncient and true,
while welth will hold out, thou shalt haue freends store,
But money once failing they bid thée adieu,
they scorne then to know thée as they did before.
Such is now the freendship that this world doth vse:
Trust not to others least they do deceiue thée,
but to thine owne selfe, then must thou be bolde,
Fayrest lookes flatter, in lurche they will leaue thée,
good Will leaue the newe freende, and cleaue to the olde,
All this hath béene proued Will, I tell no newes.
When thine owne rod hath beaten thée well,
then wilt thou remember what Wit hath bewraid:
That better it is in quiet to dwell,
then climing to fall, and so be dismaid,
Kéepe thee on the ground, and then thou canst not fal:
He that presumeth aboue his degree,
the holy writ telleth, shall be brought full lowe,
And he that is humble, content so to be,
he shall be exalted and happy also.
Thus thou seest humilitie is best of all.
If thou dost doubt of that which I say,
Behold the examples full grieuous to see:
The Children of Folly, how they do decay,
and as their beginnings, their endings so be.
What is then the cause that they do spéede so ill?
Folly first bred them, then Daintinesse lulde them,
and Idlenes brought them to horror and strife:
Impietie taught them, and Wilfulnesse puld them,
from vertuous delighting to dissolute life,
Then their ende to tell, it greeueth me good Will.
Séeke then by Labour thy selfe to maintaine,
for Labour gets Learning, the cheefest of all:

And learning will bee thy profit and gaine,
Whereby to preferre thee when other things fail:
Cleaue to this, and then be sure thou dost not ill:
For nothing is gotten except thou take paine,
And when thou hast got it, then kepe it as well:
Prouide in an honest estate to remaine,
And so thou maist hazard at all times expell
Thinke on this, and so farewell good gentle Will.

FINIS.

A Dittie declaring the vncertaintie of our earthly honor, the certaine account that we must all make of death: and therefore that we should make our selues ready at all times, because we are ignoraunt of our latter howre.

This Dittie is sung after a very prettie set note, which is called Primero.

What state so sure, but time subuarts?
what pleasure that is voide of paine:
What cheerefull change of former smarts,
but turnes straitwaie to greefe againe?
What credite may a man repose,
vppon so fraile a clod of clay:
Which as to date in sollace goes,
to morrowe is brought to earthly bay?
Thinke O man,
How thy glasse is daily sette to runne:
And how thy life shall passe, when it is donne,
Thy graue hath then thy glory wun,
and all thy pompe in cinders laide full lowe:

Take

Take example
By the fragrant flowre in the field,
Which as to daie is pleasure to behold,
The parching Sun hath drie quold,
O wretched man, then thou thy selfe art so,
Howe thou
Howe canst thou bragge, or canst thou boast,
Howe that thou maiest,
Or that thou shalt
Enioy thy life vntill to morrow day:
Thou seest,
That death subdues the strength of kings,
Of high and lowe,
Of rich and poore,
And alwas one he doth call awaie,
Tantara, tantara, tantara,
Thus doth the Trompet sounde,
The Bell bids prepare, prepare, prepare,
Your bodies to the ground.
Euen so,
While we are sporting, sporting, sporting,
Amidst our earnest play:
Death commeth stealing, stealing, stealing,
And takes vs lines awaie,
To goe,
Put on your black aray, for needes you must away,
Vnto your house of clay,
Prepare your conscience gay, against the dreadfull day,
That you may be,
Christes chosen flocke and sheepe,
Whom he will safely keepe,
Whether you do wake or sleepe,
Then shall the hellish foe,
Away in terror goe,
This ioy to see.

Remember this, amidst your blisse,
that Christ hath redeemed vs by his bloud:
Then let vs kill our affections so ill,
to be elected his seruants good.
Then shall we be sure, for aye to endure:
On Gods right hand among the pure.
When as the ill, against their will:
the endlesse paine shall passe vntill.
God graunt vs feruent constancie,
to auoide so great extremitie:
That by his grace continuallie,
we may purchase heauens felicitie.

FINIS.

In this Dittie is expressed, the sundry and daily mishaps that chaunce in Loue: deciphered by him that felt them, to his paine.

This Ditty is sung to Iohnson's Medley.

When fond desire, had drawne my mind to Loue:
Hard was my happe, and fierce the fittes,
I was enforst to proue.
When Beautie gaue her beeke,
and Fancie held me thrall:
Then Will had conquered Wittes deuile,
Loue had me at her call.
Quoth Wisdome ware thy woe,
thy daunger is at hand;
Runne not too rash, be ruld in time,
least perill thee withstand.
These are the snares of Loue,
her dome a lasting ill:

Her

Her sleights are nought but thriftie shifts,
for to allure thy will.
Therefore respect, the hard estate,
that may, thee stay,
When thou wouldst it refuse.
Set watch before the wilfull doore,
for blame, and shame,
Keepe still a sight in store.
So shalt thou espy it, when foes would say nay:
When shall doth descry it, tis good to obey.
Sure footing, good footing, the bargaine well made,
returneth thy trauaile and charges:
Forewarned haply learned, deceite would invade,
when libertie crieth at larges.
Youths wales are vntedy, he runneth on heady,
and leapeth the hazard to see:
Loue leadeth by craving, and often vnhappy,
wherefore friend, be wise now by me.
The child once touch't with pain,
Will feare the like againe:
And proving this too true:
Willed me bid Loue adieu.

¶ But yet alas, this warning would not serue:
for vaine delight had wunne me so,
From Wisdome I did swerue:
Boldnesse dyd egge me on,
the vtmost harme to trie:
Loue had enchaunted me within,
when he had blunt mine eye.
Selfe-will perswaded me,
the passage would be fayre:
And Dalliaunce fedde my fancie so,
I little past for care.

Such

Such was my ventrous mind,
built on affections blaze:
When Wisdome cryed, I could not heare,
mine eyes were set to gaze.
My hart was bent, with full consent,
to craue, to haue,
This motion of content,
For none but she, did please mine eye,
Wherefore, I swore,
For her to liue and dye.
But see how it chaunced, fell Fortune did scorne me,
My woes were aduaunced, and lone had for lorne me.
My looping, in prouing, was turned to hate,
My suite and seruice displaid
Then thought I, how might I, beene warned of late,
When Wisdome this platforme disguised.
I might haue preuented, and stayed me contented,
the daunger was told me before:
But selfe will did leade me, till folly deceiued me,
but so shall she neuer do more.
Yong heads I wish be ware:
Of this deceitfull snare,
Least you as well as I:

FINIS.

¶ A Dittie, which sheweth by example of diuers worthy personages past in auncient time, that neither strength, wit, beautie, riches, or any transitory things (wherein worldlings put any confidence) can saue them from the stroke of Death.

This Dittie may be sung to a very gallant note, called the Earle of Oxenfords March.

ADieu my former pleasure,
for I of force must leaue thee:
I see my state is most vnsure,
and thou hast long deceiu'de me,
Time bids me minde my latter end,
and that I am but clay:
And euerie houre I do offend,
in manie a wicked waie.
Then farewell sinne,
I will beginne.
To sorrowe for my wicked life at the last,
and feare to sinne any more:
For when I remember all that is past,
my hart dooth bleede therefore.

¶ I see that valiant Sampson,
who vaunted of his stature:
His strength hath failde, and he is gone,
Tyme forst him yeeld to nature.
And all the courage he possest,
amidst his flowring dayes:

When Death did call him home to rest,
did vade from him strait waies.
Then why should I,
On strength relie?
Perceiuing that the stoutest hart doth obay,
when death doth shew his power:
And so must I needes (as all flesh) passe away,
for strength is but a flower.

¶ I see that wise King Salomon,
whose wisedome was most excellent:
Among the rest is dead and gone,
for all his prudent gouernment.
And what is he that liueth now,
in wisedome most profound:
But Death compelleth him to bow,
and brings him to the ground.
If strength then faile,
And wit doth quaile
Unwise were I once for to think that I might
escape the stroke of Death:
And know we that there is on the earth no one
but must resigne his breath.

¶ I see that faire yong Absolon,
beautie did nought availe him:
The welthy Glutton eke is gone,
his riches could not baile him.
And he that had his Barnes so thwakt,
and bad his soule take rest:
In one night from his wealth was rapt,
and so was dispossest.
Thus see you plaine
It is in vaine.

To make anie certaine account of this life,
or in your selues to trust:
Therefore make you ready to part from this strife,
for to the earth you must.

FINIS.

A Dittie, deliuering a freendlye admonition to VVomen, to haue care of theyr own estates, to shunne such vaine occasions, as oftentimes call theyr good names in question: and after the example of *Sara*, to order themselues in all their actions.

This Dittie is sung to a pleasaunt new note, called Mounsieures Allemaigne.

LEt a while faire Ladies,
your freend doth heere salute you:
With notes of elder ages,
whereto he would impute you.
As nature hath you framed,
with beautie in your faces:
He is loth you should be blamed,
with any close disgraces.
But this he wisheth,
your vertues may be such:
As no ill tongue may challenge meanes,
your credite for to touch.

For Women once defamed,
are subiect while they liue:
To euery loose and light report,
yong heads of them shall giue.

¶ Remember good olde Sara,
though she be dead and rotten:
Shee left a lesson to all Wiues,
which should not be forgotten.
She reuerenced her Husbande,
and called him her Lord:
And feared least she should offend,
either in deede or word.
She did not like some Women,
her wedded mate despise:
But as olde Abraham had her hart
so did he please her eyes.
Neither would she cloath her selfe
beyond her Husbands state:
As now some Women vainly do,
and rue it all too late.

¶ She did regard her houshold,
least any thing should lacke:
And would not let her Seruants want,
to lay it on her back.
She did not gad on gossipping,
for she could neuer learne it:
To spend away her Husbands thrift,
so fast as he coulde yearne it.
Nor would she on the Sunday,
her time so vainely spend:
In playting her apparrell on
till seruice were at end.

Her

Her face was neuer painted,
her haire laid forth to view:
Her ruffes were neuer starched,
such toyes she neuer knew.

¶ And when she lay in child-bed,
she vsed no such cheere:
To spend so largelie on a Feast,
and lacke it all the yeere.
Such fine and daintie lynnen,
as now some Women vse:
And such vaine cost in banquetting,
all this to her was newes.
She cared not for such fashions,
as now some Women do:
That cannot see a garment worne,
but they must haue it too.
She did regard her Husbands,
and houshold charge beside:
Remembring that such vaine expence,
woulde greater needes prouide.

¶ She spent in youth aduisedly,
least she in age should want:
For age hath manie miseries,
yet none so great as scant.
Beside she had another minde,
which manie Women lacke:
Who iet about in others gaws,
and payment is full slacke.
Wherefore be wise faire Women,
and where these follies be:
It is no shame to leaue them off,
as Sara did you see.

For if you still frequent them,
your daunger is the more:
And time will roote your credite vp,
be well aduis'de therefore.

FINIS.

A Dittie, wherein may be seene by many and sundry examples, that no man ought to giue ouer-much credite to this fraile and transitorie life: but as all other things soone vade and decay, so the life of man hath no greater assurance.

This Dittie is sung after the note of the flat Pauin, which is playd in Consorte.

When I sometime begin to thinke vpon
the frailtie of this present life:
Howe soone the pompe of man is gone,
how soone his ioyes are chaunged to grefe,
Good Lord (think I) what mind hath man,
to truste to such a state:
Which frailtie at the first began,
and knowes no certaine date?
Now in ioy, then annoy,
Thus our time we do destroy,
not minding that we be:
Like the grasse, which soone doth passe,
Or as our Image in a glasse,
euen so god freends are we.

Behold

¶ Behold how Summer yeerely blowneth forth
the goodlie blossomes of the Tree:
Which wastfull Winter countely litle worth
and therefore will not suffer them to bee.
And Natures mantell which she spread
so greene upon the ground,
Upon a suddaine wearely dead,
that whilome grew full sound:
Thus are we, if we see,
To things according as they be,
for our example left:
That as they passe away,
So hath man as litle stay
when courts hath him bereft.

¶ Think on the Ship that cutteth through the seas,
and on her suddaine state when she is:
Howe do the Sailers live on as their wont,
not fearing what misfortune may fall them upon:
But in a moment then behold,
when swelling waves do rise,
The Ship is split, their lives were sold,
and echo for mercie cries.
Thus are they, they unwitte,
When time their fancies doth beguile,
now, swallowed in the deepe:
Euen so we, in health now be,
Anon, a lumpe of clay (to see,)
thus death on us doth crepe.

¶ Why lyest thou downe so drowsie dronke the night
and sleepest soundly void of care?
An Image of thy death is there expresse,
which steales on thee before thou canst beware.

What

What thing so ere thou takest in hand,
do thus thy selfe prouide:
That death doth at thine elbow stand,
and waites no time or tide.
Yong or old, be not to bold,
For life cannot be bought or sold,
For frendshippe or for fee:
The Lordly minde, the homely hind
All flesh must yeeld vnto their kind,
Death spareth no degree.

When happy is that man (in soth) say I,
that can his time so well dyrect:
As at eache howre, he is prepard to dye,
and fleshly hope doth cleane reiect.
For he that doth regard the place,
whence all our comfort springs:
Accounts this earthlie, honor base,
he mindeth heauenly things.
For there is ioy, without annoy,
Let vs then so our times imploy,
that there may be our rest:
Thus with I all, both great & small,
To such repentance they may fall,
to line among the blest.

FINIS. ¶ A

A Dittie, wherein is contained a very proper diſcourſe, of a certaine welthy Merchaunt, who forgetting his profite, gaue his mind to pleaſure.

This Dittie may be ſung after a pleaſant newe note, called Prima viſto.

A Merchaunt of great riches dwelt,
in Surria (as I reade:)
whoſe yeerely traffique to the Cair,
full well ſuffilde his neede.

For bringing precious Stones from thence,
the profit rose so much:
By his account, vnto himselfe,
as very fewe had such.

¶ This Merchaunt to giue greater grace,
to Iewels of such price:
Compounded with a skilfull man,
both excellent and wise.
To sette these stones in finest Golde,
agreeing by the daie:
Because he should not slack his worke,
a certaine summe to pay.

¶ This cunning workman euerie daie,
applied his busines well:
And euery night receiude his wadge.
At last it so befell,
Vnto the Merchants house was brought,
a goodly Instrument:
Which for the Beauty and the sound,
did highly him content.

¶ The workeman (as his custome was)
vnto his businesse came:
When as the Merchaunt toke the Harpe,
and shewed him the same.
His skill in Musicke beeing great,
did take the Instrument:
Demaunding if that he should play,
the Merchaunt was content.

¶ So sweetly did he play thereon,
and with such rare delight:

That

That thus he walked forth the day,
vntill it was darke night.
Then for his duetie he doth call,
and as much doth require:
As if he had applyed his worke,
serving for dailye hire.

¶ The Merchaunt saies, he had not wrought
but played all the day:
The workman saies, you did commaund,
then I must needes obay.
Your bargaine is for daily wadge,
all day I haue bene heere:
And done what you commaunded me,
my wadges then is cleere.

¶ In breefe, they fell so much at square,
and so farre did proceede:
That by the Iudges of the Towne,
sentence must be decreed.
Which went against the Merchant flatte,
and so much he must pay:
The workeman as if he had wrought,
and laboured all the day.

¶ The Merchaunt scant digested this,
that he so much must pay:
And might haue gotten twise so much,
if he had wrought all day.
His folly nowe he doth repent,
and biddes such gandes farewell:
He finds more sweetnesse in the Kutte,
then in the outward shell.

FINIS.

In this Dittie, is set downe the morrall iudgment of the great and learned Philosopher *Sendebar*, on the storie before passed: which will be found, both worth the reading and regarding.

This Dittie may be sung to the newe Scottish Allemaigne.

SUch men as betake them to pleasure and ease,
may see by this story what issue it brings:
And noting their folly, they may if they please,
contrary their humor, with durable things.
For taking such fondnesse as doth them beguile,
When they should remember their soules in meane.
To keepe it most pure, least ought it defile. (while:

¶ Howe great is the number that profite forsake,
and seeke after folly, and vanities vaine:
What high estimation do worldlings make,
of toyes and of trifles that cannot remaine:
And all to winne credite in wanton folkes eyes,
Whose prayses are counted as death (with the wise:)
Because light coniectures, sweets counsell despise.

¶ The Grey-hound that swiftly pursuing the Hare,
receiues his aduauntage, and holdeth her fast:
And seeing another, doth after prepare,
and so loseth both, and labours in waste.
So fares it with coueteus men nowa daies,
Who gape after all thinges, which promise the praise:
And yet are deceiued by many like waies.

¶ Pay not this world be myserable manders
nay, rather our willes most wretched and vile:
That se what attempts will make vs be blamde,
and blindly will let them our fancies beguile.
But if we remembred how short is our stay,
And that we possesse, must vanish away:
These worldly affections could not vs betray.

¶ Where is the god beginning of vs?
where is our excellent middest likewise?
Where may we our perfect end discus?
O man, learne in dealing to be more precise.
For euen on thy birth day, Death doth embrace thée,
And all thy life time, at his will doth chace thee:
And when thou least thinkest, then doth he displace thée

¶ In darknesse and in corruption we are borne,
and when the light of this world we first enioy:
Misery doth compasse vs, and holdes vs in scorne,
and cloggeth vs daily with greefe and annoy.
The Elements with heate and cold do offend vs,
Diseases oppresse vs, till Phisick do vnend vs:
And troubles hang on vs, erth howse for to end vs.

¶ If we be alone, then sollemnes kilies vs,
if we be in companie, somewhat doth mollest vs:
If we be wealthy, then feare of Thèues spilles vs,
if we be needy, dispayre doth arest vs.
To die we are loth, or to part from our treasure,
To leaue frends, wife and children, we greeue out of measure
To sin we are ready, but we repent at leisure.

¶ And what will one man do for an other?
but grieue and repine, that his neighbour doth well:

For gaine he will cut the throate of his Brother,
and for preferment his soule he will sell.
The soles beares awaie the credite of the wise,
Trueth is trode downe by him that telles lyes:
And ill will for good will is now the worlds guise.

¶ All vertuous actions are in small account,
Mercie is dead, and Charitie colde:
Selfe-loue dooth neighbourly kindnesse surmount,
and Vsury hurteth both yong and olde.
Good Lord amend this, when thy will may be,
And quicken againe true Loue and Charitie:
For good men are sicke, these disorders to see.

FINIS.

¶ A Dittie, wherein is contained diuers good and necessary documents, which being embraced and followed earnestly, may cause a man to shunne manie euilles and mischaunces, that may otherwise fall vpon him, ere he can beware.

This Ditty may be sung to the high Allemaigne Measure, *singing euery last straine twise with the Musicque.*

SMoke fire makes sweete Mault, they say:
Few words well plast, the wise will way.
Time ide spent, in trifles vaine:
Returnes no guerdon for thy paine.

But

But time well ſpent, doth profite bring:
And of good workes will honour ſpring.
Beſtow thy time then in ſuch ſort:
That vertue may thy déedes ſupport.
The greater profite thou ſhalt ſée:
And better fame will goe of thée.

¶ In talke be ſober, wiſe and ſadde,
Faire to thy Freend, kind to the baddé.
And let thy words ſo placed bée:
As no man may finde fault with thée.
Nor meddle not in any caſe,
With matters which thy witte ſurpaſſe.
With things that not to thée pertaines,
It folly were to beate thy braines.
For ſuddaine blame may hap to thee:
In medling vnaduiſedly.

¶ Take heede in any wiſe, I ſay:
What things thou goeſt about to day.
That thou to morrow not repent,
And with thy ſelfe be diſcontent.
Speake not ſuch words to others blame:
As afterward may turne thee ſhame.
To day thou ſpeakeſt and doſt not care:
But of to morrow ſtill beware.
For then thou canſt not call againe,
What lauiſhly did paſſe thy braine.

¶ Keepe ſecrete cloſely in thy minde:
Things that thy ſtate and credite binde.
Beware, if thou do them diſcloſe:
To whom and where, for feare of foes.

Especially

Especially of him take heede,
Whose trueth thou dost not know in deede.
For hard it is thy freend to know:
From him that is a flattering foe.
And many men in showe are kind,
Yet worse then Serpents in their mind.

¶ Be not too hastie in thy deedes,
Of too must haste, oft harme procedes.
Be sober, mute, take good aduise:
For things too much are full of vice.
With moderation rule thes so:
As thou aside no way maist goe.
For haste makes waste, as prowe doth say:
And little said, some mend ye may.
Forecast what after may befall:
So shalt thou not be rathe at all.

¶ Haue mind still of thine owne offence:
Regard thy faults with good pretence.
Seeke not a moate in one to spie:
First pull the beame out of thine eye.
And find no fault with any man:
Except amend thy selfe thou can.
And when thy faults amended be:
The good that others see in thee.
Will learne them so their deedes to frame:
As they may likewise scape from blame.

¶ Of no man giue thou bad report:
Backbite not any in thy sport.
For words do wound as deepe as swords:
Which many vse in iesting bordes.

And

And slaunder is a hainous hate:
Which doth nought els but stirre debate.
And twixt good freendes makes deadly strife:
To hazard one anothers life.
And all this may procéede of thée:
Except thou wilt aduised bée.

¶ Beare freendly with thy neighbours fault,
Remember thou thy selfe maist halt.
If he hath ought offended thée:
Forgiue, as thou the like wouldest be.
And thinke if thou hast gone awrie:
Thou forgiuenesse must apply.
So with thy neighbours faults do beare:
And of thine owne stand still in feare.
Pardon as thou wouldest pardoned be:
So God will pardon him and thee.

¶ Be gentle vnto euery wight:
Let courtesie be thy delight.
Familiar be with few, I say,
For sure it is the wisest waie.
Too much familiaritie,
May bring thy sorrowes suddainly.
Therefore keepe gentlenesse in mind,
To rich and poore be alwaies kind.
So pride shall neuer conquere thée:
Which is mans chéefest enemie.

FINIS.

A pleaſant Dittie, wherein is deſcribed, what falſehood oftentimes is found in felowſhip, verified by a couetous minded man, who laboured to deceiue his deere freende, but yet deceiued himſelfe in the ende.

This Dittie may be ſung to the note of the Spaniſh Pauin.

TWo freends that had a ſtocke of Corne,
one daie did part it equally:
But left it in the Garner ſtill,
for want of other remedie.

One

One of them thought his freende had moſt,
which cauſed him diſcourteouſly:
To ſeeke to ſteale it thence,
not minding frendly am itie.

¶ His freend that not miſtruſted him,
did walke about his buſines:
The other to the Garner comes,
to make aſſur'de his craftineſſe.
And on his freends heape caſt his cloake,
leaſt he ſhould miſſe of his deuiſe
For he that ſteales in the darke,
may be deceiued twiſe.

¶ He being gone, within a while,
the other partner thether came:
Who ſeeing his freends cloake on his heape,
did very kindly take the ſame.
Thinking his freend had left his Cloake,
to ſaue his portion from the duſt:
Therefore he thought again,
to ſhew his freendſhip iuſt.

¶ Quoth he, how kind a freende haue I,
that deales with me thus courteouſly:
His owne Corne here he leaueth bare,
and couers mine full gentlie.
I needes muſt ſhew ſome loue againe,
vnto ſo good a freend and Brother:
So he takes of the Cloake,
and laies it on the other.

¶ At night this falſe freend comes againe,
who with a Theefe compacted had:

To haue halfe bwtie of the Corne,
I iudge his freendlhip verie bad.
Becaule he would deceiue his freend,
he was content the halfe to lole:
They beeing thus agreed,
the Theefe then with him goes.

¶ This falle freend groped in the darke,
to find the heape his Cloake lay on:
And iudging it had beene his freends,
became a Theefe vnto his owne.
Betweene them they conuaied it thence,
eche to his houle where he did dwell:
Thus was the man deceiu'de,
the Theefe he ſped full well.

¶ Nert morning both the partners came,
according as they were agreed:
Unto the Garner for their Corne,
to carry it thence away with ſpeede.
But when the falſe freend ſaw the heape,
and how himſelfe he had deceiu'de:
He wiſt not what to ſay,
his witts were nie bereau'de.

¶ His partner carried thence his Corne,
and he went home full heauily:
Not daring to reueale his harme,
leaſt all ſhould know his trecherie.
See how deceit deceiu'de himſelfe,
marke well the practiſe and the end.
I would the like might hap,
to euery faithleſſe freend.

FINIS.

¶ A

A Dittie, wherein the breuitie of mans life is described, how soone his pompe vanisheth away, and he brought to his latest home.

This Ditty may be sung to the Venetian Allemaigne.

THe stately Pine, whose braunches spreade so faire,
by winde or weather wasted is at length:

The ſturdie Oake that clymeth in the ayre,
in time doth loſe his beautie and his ſtrength.
The fayreſt Flower that florißht as to daie:
To morrow ſæmeth like the withered haie.

¶ So fares it with the preſent ſtate of man,
whoſe ſhowe of health doth argue manie yeeres:
But as his life is likened to a ſpan,
ſo, ſuddaine ſickneſs pulles him from his peeres.
And where he ſeemde for longer time to daie:
To morrow lies he as a lumpe of clay.

¶ The Infant yong, the milke white aged head,
the gallant Youth that braueth with the beſt:
We ſee with earth are quickly ouer-ſpreade,
and both alike brought to their lateſt reſt.
As ſone to market commeth to be ſolde:
The tender Lambes ſkin, as the Weathers olde.

¶ Death is not partiall, as the Prouerbe ſaies,
the Prince and Peaſant, both with him are one:
The ſweeteſt face that's painted now a daies,
and higheſt head ſet forth with pearle and ſtone.
When he hath brought them to the earthly graue:
Beare no more reckoning then the pooreſt ſlaue.

¶ The wealthy Chuffe, that makes his Gold his God,
and ſcrapes and ſcratches all the mucke he may:
And with the world doth play at euen and od,
when Death thinks good to take him hence away.
Hath no more ritches in his winding ſheete:
Then the poore ſoule that ſterued in the ſtreete.

¶ Unhappie man that runneth on thy race,
not minding where thy craſed bones muſt reſt:

But

But woe to thée that dost forget thy place,
purchast for thée, to liue amongst the blest.
Spend then thy life in such a good regard:
That Christes blessing may be thy reward.

FINIS.

A Dittie, discoursing the communication betweene Christ and the woman of *Samaria*, that came to drawe water at *Iacobs* well, according as it is sette downe in the 4. chapter of Saint *Iohn*.

(·.·)

This Dittie may be sung to the note of Deeme all my deedes.

AS Jesus went to Galilee,
his iourney chaunced so:
Thorow Samaria as he went,
by Iacobs Well to go.
Where being faint and wearied,
with labouring on the waie,
He sate him downe on Iacobs Well,
at midde time of the day.

¶ Not long had Jesus sitten there,
but (as the text doth tell:)
A woman of Samaria came,
for water to the well.

His

His Disciples were gone for meate,
least faintnesse shoulde force them shrinke:
When Jesus to the woman said,
Woman give me some drinke.

¶ How is it (said the woman) then?
a Iewe thou seem'st to be:
How happens it, that thou dost thus,
demaund for drinke of me?
The Iewes make small account of vs,
and we esteeme them so:
They meddle not with Samaritanes,
I thinke thy selfe dost know.

¶ Said Jesus then, if thou didst knowe,
the gift of God on his:
And who he is that asketh drinke,
I thinke assuredlie,
Thou wouldest haue asked drinke of him,
to ease thy inward strife:
And he woulde haue bestowed on thée,
the swéete water of life.

¶ Quoth she, thou nothing hast to draw,
the well is déepe likewise:
From whence hast thou the water of life,
I cannot well deuise.
Art thou greater then our Father Iacob,
who gaue to vs this well?
He and his Children dranke thereof,
and so did his Cattell.

¶ Quoth Jesus then, this water héere,
can no mans thirsting slake:

But

But who so of the water drinks,
that I to him shall take.
Shall neuer thirst, but shall in him,
a well of water raise:
Springing vnto eternall life,
where he shall see god daies.

¶ Sir (said the Woman) giue to me,
of this sweete water cleere:
That I may neuer thirst againe,
nor come to draw more heere.
Then Iesus thus to her replied,
Thy Husband goe and call:
And then come hether vnto me,
and answer thee I shall.

¶ I haue no husbande, Sir (said she)
Quoth he, Thou saiest well:
Thou hast no husband, but hast had,
fiue husbands I can tell.
And for the man whom now thou hast,
thy husband is not he:
I knowe as much as thou hast said,
the very certaintie.

¶ The Woman then amazed was,
to heare her fault descried:
Thou art a Prophet, sir I see,
thus she to him replied.
Our Fathers worshipped in this Mount,
so long as they did liue:
But you say at Ierusalem,
that men should worship giue.

¶ Woman (said Iesus vnto her,)
the howre draweth nére:
When neither at Ierusalem,
nor in this Mountaine heere.
Shall you the Father reuerence,
his worshippe you abuse:
We know our worshippe, and that life,
procéedeth of the *Iewes*.

¶ But sure the howre is at hand,
and nowe it is likewise:
When the true seruaunts of the Lord,
shall with themselues deuise,
To worship him in spirit and trueth,
such worship would he haue:
He is a Spirit, and the trueth,
like worship doth he craue.

¶ Then said the woman vnto him;
I knowe assuredly:
That the Messias soone shall come,
and Christ his name must be.
When he is come, as come he will,
all things he will reueale:
And he will tell vs by what waies,
our actions we must deale.

¶ Quoth Iesus vnto her againe,
take this for certaintie:
I am Messias and that Christ,
that talketh heere with thée.
With that came his Disciples straite,
who meruailed much to sée:
That he would with the woman talke,
and so familiar bee.

¶ The Woman left her water pot,
and to the Cittie ran:
Where she disclosde what Christ had said,
willing them come see the man.
Which when they did, they by this meanes,
were brought vnto beleefe:
And he remaind with them two daies,
to yeeld them more releefe.

FINIS.

¶ Of the three wise sentences, which three yong men of the Guarde of King *Darius* presented to him. The first said: *Wine is strongest.* The second said: *The King is strongest.* The third said: *Women are strongest*, but *Truth ouercommeth all things.* The first that spake of the strength of Wine, began to prooue his argument first as foloweth, according as it is written in the third and fourth Chap. of *Esdras.*

Wyne is strongest.

This Ditty may be sung to the Quadrant Galliard.

O What a thing of strength is wine?
of how great power and might?
For it deceiueth euery one,
that takes therein delight.
The minde of King and fatherlesse;
It maketh equall in likenesse.

¶ The bond-man and the free-man bothe,
Wine maketh in equality:
The poore-man and the welthy wretch,
Wine knitteth in affinity.
The Lordly peere and homely hind:
In Wine but slender difference finde.

¶ Wine turneth euerie pensiue thought,
to ioy and gladnesse presentlie:
So that all they which drinke thereof,
do cleane cast out of memorie.
All sorrow, greefe, debt or distresse:
Wine lets them in such pleasantnes.

¶ Wine maketh euery hart so ritch,
that they forgette immediatly:
Their king, their Gouernour, and all,
and please their owne authoritie.
And all their words weigh verie deepe:
Till wine haue brought them fast a sleepe.

¶ When men are entred in their drink,
they haue no minde at all:
Of loue to Brethren, frends or kin,
but some to weapons fall.
But when they are from Wine at last:
They not remember what hath past.

¶ Is not Wine strongest now thinke you,
that carrieth with it such a might:
As forceth men to do these things,
without regard of wrong or right.
This said, he pauled for a space:
And to the second man gaue place.

FINIS.

¶ The second man, who spake of the strength of the King, after his fellow had ended, beganne to declare his minde.

The King is strongest.

This Ditty may be sung to the Maskers Allemaigne, commonly called the olde Allemaigne.

If Wine be strong, what strength haue men,
which rule by land and sea?
And ouer all things in them too,
they needes must strongest be.
But yet the King farre stronger is,
for he doth rule all men:
And all things that he doth commaunde,
they doo fulfill it then.

¶ If he bidde warre amongst themselues,
they graunt to doo it presently:
Or els against their enemies,
they goe, and that courragiously.
They breake downe Mountaines, Castles, and Towres,
they kill and killed be:
And looke what spoyles they winne in fight,
they bring the King to see.

¶ And they that deale not in these broyles,
but till the earth at home:
They sowe, they reape, and to the King,
they bring it as his owne.

They one another force to pay,
their tributs to the King:
And looke what he commaundeth them,
they do it eyerie thing.

¶ And yet the King is but one man,
but if he bidde them kill:
They kill: And if he bid them spare,
they spare with right good will.
If he bid smite, they do they smite,
if he bid desolate.
They do it: and if he bid build,
they do obey it strait.

¶ If he say, cut off, they cut off,
if he say: plant, they plant:
And all things els that he commaundes,
in them shall be no want.
Thus all his people and his Realme,
one onely man obey.
Meane while, he sitteth, eates and slepes,
and if he list may play.

¶ For these do kepe him round about,
their toyles they set apart:
And do what he commaundeth them,
they reverence him in part.
Is not the King strongest of all,
seeing honored in this sort?
Thus brake he off, and then the third,
his sentence did report.

FINIS.

Then

Then the third, whose sentence was: that, *women were strongest*, but *Trueth ouercommeth all things*, and whose name was *Zerobabell*, began to speake as followeth.

Women are strongest: but Trueth ouercommeth all things.

This Dittie may be sung after the note of the Queenes Maiesties new Hunt is vp.

IT neither is the mightie King,
nor any men beside:
Nor wine that may be strongest named,
alas you are too wide.

Who is it that doth gouerne these,
and ruleth ore them all?
Women they are, and Womens strength,
may not be counted small.

The King himselfe of Woman came,
and they that rule the earth:
Men of what state so euer they be,
of Women had their birth.

Yea, they that take the paines to plant,
the Vines that beare the Wine:
They came of Women at the first,
and vnto them encline.

They

They make mens garments, and beside,
they make them honorable:
No man without a Woman can,
long time to liue be able.

They that haue Siluer and Gold at will,
or ought that they may deme:
When they faire Women do behold,
more deere they them esteeme.

For all those things they do forsake,
to gaze on beauties face:
Not weighing any precious thing,
faire beautie to embrace.

A man forsakes his Father deere,
that kept him all his life:
Yea, Kinne and Countrey doth forgoe,
and cleaueth to his wife.

For her he ieoperdeth his life,
and doth great hazards finde:
He recks not Countrey, Dad nor Dame,
so he may please her minde.

By this you plainlie may perceiue,
Women ouer you do raigne:
At night you bring them home your hyre,
for labouring all the daie.

Manie sticks not to kill and steale,
and saile vpon the Seas:
To bring home bonties for their Loues,
and glad their mindes to please.

Manie for Women haue runne mad,
and so haue seru'de in thrall:
Yea, some haue sinned and perished,
and thus (for Women) all.

I graunt the King is great in power,
all stand of him in awe:
Yet Apame the Kings Concubine,
not long sithence I sawe:

Her sit on the right hand of the King,
and verie pleasantlie:
She toke the Crowne from off his heade,
which he endur'de familiarlie.

And on her head she put his Crowne,
and lifting vp her hande:
Therewith she gaue the King a stroke,
all this I stood and scande.

And in meane season what did he,
but on her gaze and looke:
And when she laughed, then he laught,
so well he could her brooke.

But if that she did frowne on him,
then would he flatter her:
That she might into good conceit,
the King againe prefer.

How thinke ye now of Women kinde:
are they not strong indeede:
The King and Princes lokt apace,
as though they were agreed.

But then againe he did beginne,
great is the earth (quoth hee)
The Heauen hie, the Sunne in course,
doth passe full speedilie.

For in one daie he compasseth,
the Heauen round about:
And turnes againe vnto his place,
where he first issued out.

Is not he great that made these things,
so wonderfull to see:
Then say that Trueth is strongest of all,
for very Trueth is hee.

All the whole earth doth call for Trueth,
and Heauen blesseth it:
All things do shake and tremble thereat,
it is not false one whit.

The Wine, the King, yea Women too,
and Men are wicked all:
Theyr works are naught, no Trueth in them,
they perrish and they fall.

But Trueth doth constantlie abide,
and strongest is for euer:
She liues and raignes, and euer shall,
can be confounded neuer.

With her no choyse of person is,
she doth the things are iust:
From wicked works she doth abstaine,
men caught in her to trust.

Her iudgments euermore are sound,
her Paleſtie enſueth:
Ouer all ages by her power,
Bleſt be the God of Trueth.

Thus brake he off, and then began,
the people all to cry:
Trueth greateſt is, and ſtrongeſt of all,
and Trueth ſhall neuer die.

FINIS.

A Glaſſe for all men to behold themſelues in, eſpecially ſuch preude and prodigall minded men, and ſuch delicate and daintie women who building on the pride of their beautie, and amiable complexion, thinke ſcorne to become aged, and that their ſweete faces ſhould be wrinckled, or their youthfulnes brought into ſubiection by age.

This Ditty may be sung to the Earle of Oxenfords Galliard.

YOu youthfull heads, whose climing mindes,
do seeke for worldly praise:
Whose yong desires do seeme to scorne,
olde ages staied waies.
Beare with the plaine-song of my note,
which is so plaine in deede:
As daintie mindes will scant endure,
so harshe a tale to reade.

¶ As

¶ As nature hath endued your shapes,
with exquisite perfection:
And giues you choyse of sweete delights,
wherein you haue affection.
When Time hath runne his course in you,
the selfe-same Nature saies:
That all these daintie toyes must die,
whereof you made your praise.

¶ Marke how the yeere in course doth passe,
note first the pleasant Spring:
The earth by Nature then affordes,
full many a precious thing.
Of fruits, of flowres, of wholsome hearbes,
we gather as we please:
And all things els we lacke beside,
our needfull wants to ease.

¶ And likewise in this pleasant time,
we take delight to walke:
To run and play at barley breake,
and in our Gardens talke.
One freend an other doth inuite,
they feast and make good cheere:
Both rich and poore do make passtime,
at this time of the yeere.

¶ But weakfull Winter drawing on,
withdrawеth these delights:
And robbes vs of them one by one,
as toyes and trifling sights.
The Scith cuttes downe the goodlie grasse,
that grew so greene to day:
And all the sweete and pleasant flowers,
are changed then to hay.

This Ditty may be ſung to the Earle of Oxenfords Galliard.

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Whoſe yong deſires dow ſéeme to ſcorne,
Olde ages ſtaied waies.
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As daintie minds will ſcant endure,
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that grew so greene to day:
And all the sweete and pleasant flowers,
are changed then to hay.

¶ The Trées that bragged in their leaues,
the bitter blasts do bight:
And chaunge them from their goodly state,
to olde and withered plight.
And they that flocked to the Fieldes,
when Summer was so braue:
Nowe closelie creepe about the fire,
for Winter warmth will haue.

¶ Compare we now the yéerely chaunge,
with mans appointed race:
Who in the Aprill of his age,
greene humours doth embrace.
And as Maie flowers glad the eye,
so in his youthfull time:
Man compalleth a world of ioyes,
whereto his thoughts do clime.

¶ Behold likewise Dame Beauties graces,
whose daintie mindes are such:
As not the Sun-shine nor the wind,
must their faire faces touch.
Their Maskes, their Fannes, and all the toyes,
that wanton heads can craue:
To maintaine Beautie in her pride,
these prancking Dames must haue.

¶ But elder yeeres approching on,
a little euery daie:
Their daintie Beautie doth decline,
and vanisheth away.
And as colde Winter chaseth hence,
the pleasant Summer daies:
So withered Age encountreth Youth,
amidst his wanton waies.

¶ You

¶ You that thinke scorne of auncient age,
and hold him in contempt:
To make of Beautie such a prize,
and to vaine thoughts are bent.
Remember Nature yeelds to course,
and course his race will haue:
From the first houre of your byrth,
vntill you come to graue.

¶ Age is an honour vnto them,
that liue to see the same:
And none but vaine and foolish heads,
will blot olde Age with blame.
Who oftentimes are some cut off:
and not so happy blest:
To see the dayes their Fathers did,
before they went to rest.

¶ Thrise happy they that spend their youth,
in good and vertuous wise:
Forsaking all such vaine desires,
as wanton heads surmise.
And wholie do direct themselues,
vnto his will that made them:
Then Folly neuer can haue power,
from vertue to dissuade them.

FINIS.

A Ditty, wherin is expreſſed a notable example of a ſlothfull man, who wilfully ſuffered himſelfe to be robbed and dyſpoyled of his goods by ſlothfulnes, which otherwiſe he might very well haue ſaued.

This Dittie may be ſung to Dowlands Galliard.

I Chaunced on a time, that a lewde Theefe:
Did enter in a mans houſe for ſome releefe.
Where ſeeking buſilie what he might finde:
At length he found ſuch things as pleaſde his minde.
Sorting them earneſtly what he did lacke:
At laſt of all the beſt he made a packe.

The

¶ The good man of the house lay in his Bedde,
And heard how fast his goods abroade were spread.
He thought to let the Theefe take his owne pleasure,
And for to fill his bagge at his owne leysure.
And when he suddainly should packe away:
Then would he manfullie cause him to stay.

¶ For (quoth he) if I should now goe and fray him:
He might escape away, and I not stay him.
I will therefore suffer him yet for a while:
And when he thinketh least, will him beguile.
As he lay thinking thus the Theefe to keepe:
He quite forgot himselfe, and fell a sleepe.

¶ The Theefe had filled his bagge to his content:
Which calling on his backe, away he went.
The man at last awoke, and then did see:
His Chests were broken vp, and left all emptie.
And his house robbed cleane in euery place:
He sate him downe and sight in heauie case.

¶ Quoth he, I wretched man might this haue eased:
And might haue slaied the Theefe, if I had pleased.
For when I heard the noyse, if I had hasted:
I might haue sau'de my goods, which nowe are wasted.
But thinking to deceiue and take him tardie:
I haue deceiu'de my selfe through mine owne follie.

¶ By this we may perceiue how good it is:
To take time while time lasteth, least we do misse.
In driuing off our time we may repent vs:
When our owne rod worthily commeth to chent vs.
Therefore be warie, and vse time well:
Else may it to you as to this man befell.

FINIS.

A Dittie, wherein may be discerned the troublesome daungers, & vneasie passages in this world: exampled by a very proper discourse of a Trauailer in his iourney, howe many and sundry mischaunces happened vnto him.

This Dittie may be sung to the Countesse of Ormonds Gallard.

A Certaine yong man, as I reade,
that trauelled on his way:

On such affayres and busines,
as his occasions lay,
Passing through waste and desart soyles,
which drew his mind in sadnesse:
At last he spied a pleasant plaine,
which gaue some cause of gladnesse.

¶ Walking along this pleasant plaine,
more merrie then before:
Feeding his eyes with pleasant sights,
whereof this place had store.
At last, on suddaine he espyed,
foure Lyons very fiercelie:
Prepared themselues to runne at him,
which he did brooke but scarcelie.

¶ He seeing refuge on no side,
his life in daungerous plight:
Did take himselfe into his legges,
to shun them if he might.
But well he knewe that running long,
his strength perforce must fayle him:
And then his rauenous enemies,
might easilie assayle him.

¶ He thought it better (if he could)
some where in secrete hid him:
So running on, he sawe a place,
whereof he did prouide him.
A Well belette with little twigges,
which catching hold vpon:
He thought to hang there by the hands,
vntill the Beastes were gone.

¶ So calling both his legges abroade,
on either side the Well,
Where best he might sustaine himselfe,
what happe so euer fell.
With hands and feete such shift he made,
as well he could not fail:
Nor yet the Lyons if they came,
might come at him at all.

¶ The Lions hauing lost the sight,
of this perplexed man:
Followed no more, but to the woods,
againe they swiftly ran.
He loking downe into the Well,
a hideous Dragon saw;
With yawning mouth waighting his fall,
to glutte his greedie mawe.

¶ The yong man nowe more fearefull was,
then at his first mishappe:
Perceiuing where he lokt for ayde,
he found the doubtfull trappe.
If he should fall, the Dragon stode,
at hand for to receiue him:
The Lyons were without (he thought),
of life for to bereaue him.

¶ In this so great extremitie,
he wist not what to do:
Seeing his death before his eyes,
and by such tyrants too.
Besides, there had he hung so long,
and in such greeuous paine:
His hands could hardly longer time,
his heauie weight sustaine.

¶ But

¶ But as we know that life is sweete,
and lothe we are to leaue it:
So this poore soule was very lothe,
these rauenous beasts should reaue it.
Which made him raise himselfe aloft,
desiring long to see:
Whether the Lyons yet were gone,
or should his Butchers be.

¶ He saw them gone, but then alas,
a newe misshappe began.
Threatning more danger and distresse,
to this poore wretched man.
For looking out, he did behold,
two other Beasts were by:
The one was white, the other blacke,
now thought he sure to die.

¶ For these two beasts flew gnawing rounde
of those two litte Trees:
Whereby he did vphold himselfe,
which when (poore man) he sees.
And still the Dragon lurkes below,
awaiting for his fall:
We well may iudge this yong mans griefe,
may not be counted small.

¶ He struggles hard to keepe his holde,
because his ioynts did faint:
His legges likewise full often slippe,
such nummesse did them taint.
Then looking round about the Well,
he chaunced to espie:
A potte of Honnie in a hole,
that was to him full nie.

¶ This Pot some Shepheard had left there,
in passing by the way:
And iudging this a place to stite,
did there the same convey.
Which when this yong man did behold,
he presently forgotte:
In what hard case he stoode of late,
and lusted to the potte.

¶ One of the twigges he doth forsake,
and hangeth by one hand:
Because he would the honnie take,
that did so neere him stand.
Thus hauing quite forgot the benifites
that gnawed the twigges without:
He sweetlie of the honnie tickes,
not minding anie doubt.

¶ So long he did delight himselfe,
in tasting of the potte:
The twigges by one and one did breake,
and he so ouer-shotte.
That to the other twigges againe,
he could by no meanes come:
Nor could his feeting longer hold,
because his strength was donne.

¶ So falles he downe into the Well,
and there poore soule he died:
You that haue heard how many wodes,
did this yong man betyde.
And yet how many shifts he made,
the perrill to preuent:
Let his mis-fortune teach you all,
whereto this world is bent.

FINIS.

In

In this Dittie, is reuealed the morrall iudgment of this notable and excellent Hiſtory, ſette downe by the famous and learned Philoſopher *Tyabonus*: wherein may be ſeene the very full ſcope and wretched race of man in this tranſitory life.

This Ditty may be ſung to Wigmores Galliard.

THe Well this man for refuge ſeke,
the World doth repreſent:
Wherein we ſeeke by diuers meanes,
to worke our owne contents.
And where we ſtruggle and we ſtriue,
eche one for his auaile:
Liuing in hope of many things,
whereof great numbers faile.

¶ The Lyons which did force this man,
vnto his fearefull flight:
Signifie the foure Elements,
which ſeeke both day and night.
To chaſe man into contraries:
now well, then ſicke againe:
With many alterations,
whereof man ſeeles the paine.

¶ The Dragon that with gaping mouth,
did watch this yong mans fall:
Doth repreſent our earthly Graue,
whereto in ende we ſhall.
How braue or ſtoute ſo euer we be,
how pollitique or wiſe:
The Graue muſt ſhrouded our bones at laſt,
for ſo is Natures guiſe.

The

¶ The Two young twigges wherby he held,
the one is named Loue:
The other may be Temporall goods,
whose strength we often proue.
By Loue we beare vnto this drosse,
so long we hang thereon:
That heauie sinne doth weigh vs downe,
till faith is well nere gone.

¶ The Little Beastes that gnawed the twigs
of couller blacke and white:
May be compared very well,
vnto the Day and Night.
For they consume the time so fast,
that goods nor wealth can saue vs:
But these two cuts vs off at length,
and then the earth must haue vs.

¶ The Pot with Honnie may be termed,
The pleasure in this life:
Wherewith we glutte our selues so full,
we recke no stormes of strife.
Nor manifold calamities,
which threaten mans decay:
The lust of Pleasure gluttes vs so,
we feare them by no way.

¶ So at the length, the Day and Night,
cuttes off our Pleasure too:
And then into our Graue we fall,
as all mankind must do.
For be we poore, or be we ritch,
this is the end of all:
The Graue must be our shrowding sheete,
when dreadfull Death doth call.

FINIS.

¶ A

A Dittie, wherein is liuely and amply deſcribed, the Manſion or Caſtel of vaine exerciſes & delights, which being maintained by *Pride, Prodigalitie, Luſt, Ambition, Contempt* of *Vertue*, and ſuch other, is the ouerthrow of many that reſorte thither, rather then to vertuous ſtudies and exerciſes.

This Dittie may be ſung to the note of
La vechia Pauin.

WHo liſt to ſée a patterne of abuſe,
Or reade a tale, which manie rue with teares:
Or who will ſée into the verie ſluce,
That leadeth man into a woꝛld of feares.
Let him regard what I ſhall heere repoꝛt,
in blazing foꝛth vaine Pleaſure and her mates:
Whoſe odious liuing (with the vertuous ſoꝛt,)
is namde the fall of many mennes eſtates,
And noting well her fetches and her ſleights,
he may himſelfe beware:
Foꝛ Vanitie hath choyſe of deepe deceits,
to wꝛappe a man in care.

¶ Firſt ſettes the Pride in foꝛefront of her Foꝛte,
Trickt in her fines, yea, moꝛe then ſuper-fine:
Daliaunce her wanton giues her choyſe of ſpoꝛt,
Some while with Muſique, then with notes diuine.
The goers by on gaze on this pꝛoſpect,
which ſhe perceiuing calleth foꝛ Delight:
Whom ſhe commaundeth with a ſubtill becke,
to feede their eyes with ſome new-fangled ſight.
Which ſhe perfoꝛmes with ſuch a gallant grace,
as they that ſée the ſame:
What with his toyes, and Prides alluring face,
their ſences are made lame.

¶ Then comming into this delightfull place,
where all abuſes in the woꝛld abounds:
Flatterie telles them with a goodly grace,
Such tales as quite their memoꝛy confounds.
Then launch out yonkers while your liuings laſt,
foꝛ Beautie muſt be bꝛaue againe.

He

He that with ſparing ſhall be heere diſgraſt,
may not, or ought in this place remaine.
Then ſpend they that their Parents got with care,
in riotous exceſſe:
And launch ſo farre till they be worne thread-bare,
through their owne wilfulneſſe.

¶ Thus hauing ſpent, till they can ſpend no more,
Theſe daintie darlings byd them then farewell:
Then Beggerie comes knocking at the doore,
To thriftleſſe youth their follies paſt to tell.
Thus walke they thence in care and heauineſſe,
deſpiſde of them on whom they ſpent ſo much:
The world likewiſe that ſawe their fooliſhneſſe,
dooth ſcorne to mone or pittie any ſuch.
Then howe they ende their lines in Miſerie,
I néede not heere report:
Beware therefore my frends of Vanitie,
or any of her ſort.

FINIS.

A Dittie, wherein the Author giueth his farewell to Fancie, hauing learned the auncient Prouerbe: that it is good to take warning by other mens miſ-fortunes.

This Ditty may be ſung to A. Munday *his* Galliard.

FArewell ſweet Fancie,
Thou maiſt goe play thee,
Wiſedome ſaith, I may not ſtay thée:
I am vnskilfull,

And thou too wilfull,
And Time doth thy sports denay me.
Olde men haue learned:
And I my selfe haue this discerned.
That Sports and pleasure:
Must be applyed to time and measure.
For youthfull heads,
Runne so farre till blame doth shent them:
Then they? owne rod.
Makes them glad in the ende to repent them.

¶ I see that many.
Haue followed Fancie,
To their owne great losse and daunger:
Some in aspying,
To vaine desiring,
Wherein Reason hath beene a stranger.
Some thirst for fauour,
And yet find hate in th'end for their labour.
Some loke for liuing,
And yet come short when tis in giuing.
And some I see,
Well deserue, yet do speede but badly:
and others reape,
The reward (they) should haue of duetie.

¶ Thus time is tickle,
and fancie fickle,
Neuer abyding in assurance:
Who then would trust thee,
That dealst vniustlie,
With thy freends of longest durance:
Others mens warning:
Shalbe sufficient for my learning.

And

And thy vnkindnesse,
Shall make me feare to follow blindnes.
For thou that hast,
Beene a cause to deceiue so manie:
Wilt serue me so,
And therefore fare thou well sweete Fancie.

FINIS.

A pleasant Dittie, of a familiar communication, that passed betweene certaine Ladies, as they walked abroade into the fields for their recreation: wherein is prooued, that Beautie is nothing worth, except it be coupled with vertue.

This Ditty may be sung to A Munday *his* Toy.

IT was my chaunce to walke abroade,
where Ladies were a sporting:
And youthfull yonkers on a row,
from euery place reporting.
And sitting downe vpon the bancks,
where Flowers grew full sweetlie:
By one and one they did begin,
to speake their seuerall fancie.
One did Beautie much commend,
Saying such a daintie frende:
deserued estimation:
And they that were not Beauties freends,
Should reape dishonour for amendes:
sooner then commendation.

¶ The second Lady then replied,
and said, I like well Beautie:
If vertue be conioynd therewith,
it then becomes it fitly.
For what may better beare the name,
of Beauties soueraigne gracing:
When Vertue which so decks the same,
there can be no defacing.
But beauty that's maintaind by pride
Hath no assurance to abide,
but quickly is confounded:
Let Vertue dwell in Beauties breast,
And then must Beautie needs be blest,
that is so surely grounded.

¶ We must not name them beautifull,
which beare a gaye complexion:
And make no reckoning of their states,
but line without discretion.
And wound their honor with disgrace,
in companie lasciuious:
Who onely praise their daintie face,
to worke them treason tretcherous.
Faire beauty liketh none of this,
That with pure Vertue ioyned is,
but highly doth disdaine it:
Then let vs name that Woman faire,
That of her credite hath a care,
least any spot should staine it.

¶ Your iudgment (Sister) quoth the third,
is not to be despised:
For Beautie walketh now a daies,
me thinks too much disguised.

For

For they that seeme in outward show,
as Saints in their profession:
Do careleſſe out of course doe goe,
as it is paſt ſuſpition.
And yet are theſe accounted faire,
Who dare not looke into the ayre,
leaſt that the Sun ſhould ſhow them:
Faire Beautie that is faire indéede,
Accounts this Beautie as a weede,
and thinketh ſcorne to know them.

¶ Me thinks thoſe men are worſe then mad,
that doe ſo much abaſe them:
To haue affiance in ſuch Dames,
whoſe very déedes diſgrace them.
But ſome ſay men are cauſe of all,
who flatter them ſo kindly:
Tuſh, vertuous Women will not fall,
let men ſpeake nere ſo frendly.
With that there fell a ſhowre of raine,
Which made thẽ trudge away amaine,
and ſo brake off their talking:
I would be glad the reſt to heare,
If I might méete theſe Ladies there,
when they goe next on walking.

FINIS.

¶ *The ſeconde ſeruice of this Banquet (vppon the gentle and good receit of this firſt) I will verie ſhortlie publiſh, wherein is manie excellent Ditties, and ſuch as I doubt not but thou wilt well eſteeme of.*